

may it be said, that if in the past few years our college journal has attained to any excellence, the credit is due in most part to the class now leaving us. This but makes the parting still more painful. Yet must we say farewell. God speed the graduates of 1901. and may His choicest blessings ever attend them.

ACTUM EST.

The days of lectures and recitations will soon be at an end, to the relief of professors and students alike. Some, perhaps, would not object to further time for preparing examinations, and of course there are always vain regrets for lost time on the part of a certain number. But the majority, we hope, can point to substantial progress during the year, and can with comfortable consciences look forward to the approaching vacation. Even the drones, however, and the leave-it-to-the-last-week crowd, forget their little troubles in the thought of going home. "Home, sweet home!" What magic there is in that simple word, home! What visions it calls up of beloved faces and happy hours! What pleasure in anticipating the renewal of the associations which six or ten months' absence has made so dear! Fancy unrestrained soars through regions where the fields are always green and the skies are always blue, where no dreary class-room or tiresome text-book is to be seen,—and the day-dreamer's face looks happy. Yet in the happiest song we hear a note of sadness. Glad and all as we are upon nearing the close, who does not feel some regret as well? Who is not sorry to leave the roof under which he has spent so many pleasant days, where he has contracted some of the most cordial friendships of his life? Who, that has ever experienced the breaking-up of college, has not felt lonesome when the last farewells have been said and the last V-A-R been given?

SHALL THE CHAMPIONSHIP COME HOME AGAIN,

As the scholastic year of 1901 draws to a close, thoughts of reuniting next fall naturally bring in their train foot-ball talk, and our chances of again bringing to its old home the championship of